

## **In Praise of the Queen of Heaven**

To exalt, enthrone, establish and defend,  
To welcome Her whom man must needs befriend:  
Mary, gifted in all the arts that be;  
Mary, bearing light for all to see;  
Mary beautiful; Mary the sagely strong;  
Mary, avenger of sly-dealing wrong,  
Awake, inspiring Muse, and sing your song!

Sing how men from all earth's corners came,  
And on their brow a fiery dancing flame  
Which marked the God-head. Sing, O celestial team!  
You valiant soldiers marching, and the gleam  
Of cymbals through the darkness. Sing the drums!  
She comes, our Queen! our inspiration comes!

And everywhere they pass, the crowds! The crowds!  
The glorious, cheering crowds! And how they sing  
Great hymns which to the highest heavens ring.  
The crowds are here for Mary and they praise  
Their Queen and Mother. On her they long to gaze!

And now the task of this triumphant day  
Has reached to vict'ry. In the reddening ray  
Fulfilled, apparent, our Creator stands  
Halted on Earth. And far beneath Him, far,  
The strength of Ocean darkening and the star  
Beyond all shores. There is a silence made.  
It glorifies: and lo! gigantic shade  
Of Rome and Athens awaits her from the West.  
And all cry: "Mary, among all women blest!"

But what are these that from the outer murk  
Of dense mephitic vapors creeping lurk  
To breathe foul airs from that corrupted well

Which oozes slime along the floor of Hell?  
These are the stricken palsied brood of sin  
In whose vile veins, poor, poisonous and thin,  
Decoctions of embittered hatreds crawl --  
These, Detractors of Mary, cursed all!  
On what gin-sodden Hags, what flaccid sires  
Bred these Slugs, from what exhaust desires?  
In what close prison's horror were their wiles  
Watched, by what dark pow'r with evil smiles;  
Or in what caverns, blocked from grace and air  
Received they, then, the mandates of despair?

What! Must we our race, our tragic race, that roam  
All exiled from our first and final home:  
That in one moment of temptation lost  
Our heritage, we wander, hunger-tossed  
Beyond the Gates (still speaking with our eyes  
Forever of remembered Paradise) --  
Must we with every gift accepted, still,  
With every joy, receive attendant ill?  
Must some lewd evil follow all our good  
And pain bedog our brief beatitude?

A primal doom, inexorable, wise,  
Permitted, ordered, even these to rise.  
E'en in the shadow of so bright a Lord  
Must swarm and propagate the filthy horde,  
Debased, accursed, abhorrent and abhorred,  
Accursed and curse-bestowing. Whosoe'er  
Shall suffer their contagion, everywhere  
Falls from blessedness and finds his end  
To darkest realms of dark despair condemned;  
And through the darkness into darkness press,  
Despised, abandoned and companionless.

But when the course of either's sleep has run  
We leap to life like heralds of the sun!

We from the couch in glimm'ring mornings gay  
Salute as equals the exultant day,  
While they, unworthy, unrewarded, they  
The dense Detractors of Mary, they arise  
And watch grey dawns and mourn indifferent skies.

Forget them! Form the Seraphic ring  
And pulse the ground, and Deo, Deo, sing!

Father in Heaven, to whom our strength belongs,  
Our loves, our wars, our laughter and our songs,  
Remember our inheritance, who praise  
Your glory in these last unhappy days  
When beauty sickens and a muddied robe  
Of baseness fouls the universal globe.  
Though all the gods indignant and their train  
Abandon ruined man, do thou remain!

But since I would not, since I could not stay,  
Let me remember now in this my day  
That when the fleeting vision's lure is past,  
All mortals face their Passion at the last.

When from the waste of such long labor done  
I too must leave the light and warmth of sun  
And like the tired worker take my way  
Down the long shadows of declining day,  
Bend Thou from somber plains my clouded sight  
And leave the mountains to advancing night;  
When comes to term all things that were mine own  
With nothingness before me, and alone;  
Then to what hope of answer shall I turn?  
Comrade-Commander whom I dared not earn,  
What said Thee then to trembling friends and few?  
"A moment, and I drink with you anew:  
But in my Father's Kingdom." So, my Friend,  
Let not Your cup desert me in the end,

But when the hour of mine adventure's near,  
Just and benignant, let my youth appear  
Bearing a Chalice, open, golden, wide,  
With benediction graven on its side.  
So touch my dying lip: so bridge that deep:  
So pledge my waking from the darkened sleep,  
Until reclined where dried be every tear,  
With you, my God, and Mary too, most dear.

By Darrell Wright, 2023; adapted from "Heroic Poem in  
Praise of Wine" by Hilaire Belloc (1931)

[Note: "Heroic" from "heroic couplet", i.e. a 10-10 metre (10  
syllables in each line usually) with AA/BB rhyme scheme.]